

A Valuable Suggestion Important to Everyone

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

During the winter months especially, when we live in an indoor life, the kidneys should receive some assistance when needed, as we take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended.

Many physicians claim that an ideal herbal compound has the most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. and enclose 10 cents; this will mail you the Commonwealth.

ANALYSIS OF ANYTHING, PARTICULAR attention to Fertilizers, Cotton Seed and Cotton Seed Oil Products, Well Water, Spring and Mineral Water, Canned Food Products, Dairy Products, Urea and Earth, etc.

FARMERS should have their Well Water examined at least once a year, and all that part of their land that gives poor crops, analyzed to find what is missing, so it can be added to their land to make it good and productive.

Ask for price of analysis, which is not high, and may save you lots of trouble.

FARKER'S HAIR BALMS cleanses and beautifies the hair, cures itching scalp, dandruff, etc.

DR. A. C. LIVERNON, DENTIST. Office upstairs in White Head Building.

DR. A. D. MORGAN, Physician and Surgeon. Scotland Neck, N. C.

CHAS. L. STATON, Attorney-at-Law. Scotland Neck, N. C.

ASBURY DUNN, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Scotland Neck, N. C.

DR. R. L. SAVAGE, OF ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

Will be in Scotland Neck, N. C., on the third Wednesday of each month at the hotel to treat the diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and fit cases.

DR. O. F. SMITH, Physician and Surgeon. Office in The Crescent Pharmacy, Inc. Scotland Neck, N. C.

WILKINSON'S COLIC CURE FOR HORSES. DR. KING'S KIDNEY PILLS. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

WILKINSON'S COLIC CURE FOR HORSES. DR. KING'S KIDNEY PILLS. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

WILKINSON'S COLIC CURE FOR HORSES. DR. KING'S KIDNEY PILLS. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

WILKINSON'S COLIC CURE FOR HORSES. DR. KING'S KIDNEY PILLS. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

WILKINSON'S COLIC CURE FOR HORSES. DR. KING'S KIDNEY PILLS. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

WILKINSON'S COLIC CURE FOR HORSES. DR. KING'S KIDNEY PILLS. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

WILKINSON'S COLIC CURE FOR HORSES. DR. KING'S KIDNEY PILLS. CHICHESTER'S PILLS.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

The Feet. Pumice stone used frequently keeps the skin of the feet smooth. It is especially necessary on the heel and on the ball of the foot, where the weight of the body rests in walking.

Never cut the toe nails too short, as they are more likely to become ingrown. And file them smooth with sandpaper, so they will not catch and pull the threads of your stockings.

SCRAMBLE FOR A SUPPER.

Dainty Methods of French Solons When Free Meals Are Served. Describing the supper arrangements made for French legislators during late sittings in the Palais Bourbon, the Paris Liberte says:

"At the appointed time the marble tables in the restaurant are covered with plates of larded veal, saveloy, cold ham, salad containing little cubes of Gruyere cheese and baskets of bread. As soon as the chamber gets wind of these preparations a general exodus takes place, and the member addressing the house is left to address his successor, the president, the ushers, reporters and other unimportant officials.

"It is not exactly a stately banquet that the legislators sit down to. There are no knives, no forks and in the place of plates just a few saucers. The members first fling themselves upon the bread baskets and pick the nicest looking pieces; then, making free use of their elbows toward the veal, the saveloy or the ham, seize a slice in their fingers, put it on the bread, keep it there with the thumb, while they squeeze their way out of the press and devour their spoil.

"Such manners take us back to far-off prehistoric days, when our ancestors ate on the floor of their caverns. But it is just this return to the simplicity of nature that exercises such a healing effect on party animosity. The legislator who has, by a series of subtle maneuvers, secured a bottle of wine shares it with his thirsty neighbors.

"It has been noticed that the deputies from rural districts usually carry a pocketknife, which they lend to their town colleagues. This, too, makes for harmony and the healing up of strife."

A SLEEPY HOLLOW LANDMARK.

Passing of Treaty Tree Under Which Washington Irving Wrote. Washington Irving's great treaty tree at Sleepy Hollow, in the Phillips Manor section, lost its last three leaves recently. Tourists and visitors have noted with much concern for over a year that it was dying. It is twenty feet in circumference at its base. It had bravely withstood the disease that has destroyed most of the chestnut trees throughout the east, and it is probably the last to die in the Sleepy Hollow and Tarrytown sections.

This monarch of the forest is known in history as the tree under which the last treaty was made between the whites and the Wapamunck Indians. Under its romantic shade also Irving wrote his famous "The Headless Horseman," with scenes laid at Phillips Manor.

Although the treaty tree is practically dead, it will not be felled and destroyed like hundreds of its fellows there. It is to be preserved, and long trailing flowering vines have been planted about its base to cover it completely in the future. It stands almost in the center of the Phillips Manor property, close to the Hudson river, in full view from Broadway or the old Albany post road.—Tarrytown News.

Good Names and Riches. "A good name is better than great riches," quoted the sage. "But that's not the reason why most of us are poor," replied the fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

OLD HICKORY CHIPS

Short and Pithy Sayings on Subjects Past and Present.

Success seldom comes to a man who is too lazy to go after it. Now that Thomas Wilson has been elected president of the Morris Packing Co., it becomes clearer than ever that this is a great year for Wilsons.

Marriage is more often a disappointment than a failure. The whole world is beginning to adopt the Wilson policy. It is the best because it is honest.

It is stated on good authority that Tama Jim Wilson's visit has nothing to do with the burning question of "Which is more useful to the farmer, the hen or the cow?"

"President Planning to Tighten His Grip on Congress," says a headline. Ouch.

It is like the rest of them, those who dance the "hesitation waltz" are led.

Perhaps Otis McManigal will make a loop by way of Sicily and come back as a desirable.

Thirty challenges to Pierre Loti indicate that the entire Bulgarian army is desirous of returning to the arts of peace.

Letters of congratulation from defeated candidates almost makes one believe what was said about them during the campaign.

This is the time of year when Johnny begins to figure that he don't want nuthin' but an air rifle, an sled, an' a pair uh skates.

"If you want to make good in this world let booze alone," says John L. In other words a soliloquy taken in time will prevent a sermon.

The theory that the oldest son is inferior to his younger brothers may be due to the fact that he has to bear the brunt of experimentation.

Doc. Wiley claims that detectives have ransacked his room for confirmation of rumors that he made a fortune. Does that mean that they were after the money?

We know some people who are never happy unless they have something to worry about.

President Wilson seems to cling to the old idea that the pen is better than the sword in dealing with Mexico.

New York has secured some free advertising by offering Col. Goethals the job of police commissioner.

We never will believe that a girl's foot is as bony as thin black hose make it look.

An illicit still in North Carolina exploded the other day and scalded the operator to death. The worm will turn sometimes.

We don't know what those Southern Pacific trainmen are striking about, and it could not be because they have to live in Texas could it?

Time may be money, but our banker would never take it when we had a note falling due.

Athletics at the Training School—Basket Ball and Tennis.

Greenville, N. C., Nov. 29.—The athletic league of the East Carolina Teachers' Training School, has been organized with Miss Mable Comfort, of the faculty, as director, and with a membership of ninety-four. The purpose of this league is: (1) To provide recreation for the students of the school. (2) To develop and encourage an athletic spirit in the Training School. (3) To train girls to carry on work of an athletic league so that organized play will become a permanent feature of the school.

Basket ball, tennis clubs and cross-country walking clubs from sub-divisions of the league.

The chief division of the Thanksgiving holiday at East Carolina Teachers Training School, was the interclass basket ball games. At 10:30 the "B" class (or the second year academic) played the "F's" (or one year class); at 11:15, the big game of the day, Juniors vs Seniors was called. The "F's" and Seniors were the victors. Those not on the teams used their lungs well in class songs and yells. Class colors were in evidence everywhere.

The players of the Senior class, on entering the field, led around the court, their mascot, President Wright's two-year-old son, dressed in bloomers and wearing class colors.

Excellent team work, splendid individual work, and fine wholesome spirit, marked the games.

Clever boasts to the teams and stars added greatly to the Thanksgiving dinner.

KATE TILLEY.

The Modern Newspaper.

The time was, and it has not been so long ago, when it was considered high treason for a newspaper to say a word that could be construed as a criticism of party policy or a party leader. The political bosses were lambasted only by the opposition papers, and they were discredited of course, by the following whose chief claim to political distinction was that they had never scratched a ticket. Now all this has changed, and those newspapers are the most popular and the most influential that speak the plain truth about men and things and bend before no party pressure. The party organ that at one time was looked upon as the proper and necessary exponent of party policy has fallen into disrepute. Its day is over. The independent journal has come into its own, and the more independent and fair and truthful it is in its editorial expressions the larger the place it holds in public favor. This is a good omen of the better day ahead. We were little better than slaves under the old regime. We are freemen now, and our newspapers voice the day of the new freemen which has come. We are beginning to look back with horror to that dark time in our history when it seemed necessary to bow our heads to the yoke, and submit to whatever our political bosses saw fit to put upon us. Party loyalty is none the less binding because the members of the party are free to exercise their own judgment—it is more so, because freedom inspires loyalty where slavery represses it. The newspapers that bring us the tidings from the great world beyond, tell us the truth about our own party policies as well as about those of our opponents, and thus put us in possession of the facts from all sides, and make us more intelligent voters. It is a great mistake for a party or church to cover up the truth. If a cause can not stand white light of truth it ought to go down. The editorial pages of the modern daily paper have become reliable and valuable and therefore the increasing power and influence of these independent journals.—Charity and Children.

3,300 Saloons Closed in Ohio. Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 23.—Proprietors of more than 3,300 saloons in Ohio closed their places of business last midnight in accordance with the provisions of the State Liquor License law, which limits the number of saloons in "wet" territory to one for each 500 population.

The saloonkeepers who quit business had been refused licenses by county license boards. The majority of the saloons not permitted to reopen are in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus and Toledo.

The License law has been attacked as unconstitutional by the disappointed liquor men and arrangements have been made to carry a test case to the Supreme Court.

Many saloonkeepers disposed of their goods last night at "bargain county" sales. In some places the cries of auctioneers were heard.

Several well-known wineroms celebrated the closing of their doors with balls, special music and other attractions.

At Farmer Johnson's place he and his son were hidden in the smokehouse when the unknown appeared. He had scarcely pulled a vine when they were upon him. Both were strong men, but the struggle was over in a minute. The unknown knocked them both silly and got away with their bills and pieces of their shirts as souvenirs. It was figured that he had got such a scare, however, that he would not appear again. He returned next night when no one was watching and attacked the vines.

The excitement was now at fever heat, and the whole county was asking what should be done, when the marauder came to his end. A widow named Jones had twenty hills of vines she was watching. She had an old army carbine, and a neighbor had loaded it for her. She was watching from a window, and as the man of night appeared and began his work she fired at him. He dropped, but struggled up and ran.

A hundred men turned out and searched the streets and alleys and the country around, but they did not find the wounded man. They had given up the quest when word went round that no one had seen the Widow Jones for three days. The locked doors of her house were broken open, and she was found dead on the floor. A bullet had struck her in the chest—the bullet fired by the other widow. She was dressed as a man from head to heel and had false whiskers besides.

The Belgian cucumbers? Oh, they were a fraud, of course—just plain, everyday American cucumbers, with the usual 90 per cent water. It's just as easy to swindle a whole county as it is to swindle a single man. All you have to do is to get a new idea.

The Commonweath a year for \$1.00

BELGIAN CUCUMBERS

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.

The county of Vernon in a certain middle state was at peace. Farmers, mechanics and merchants met each other and asked:

"How is old Vernon county?" And the answer would be: "Old Vernon county is all right—you bet!"

Fifty men saw X. M. Davis, as he came to be known, when the bus drove up to the inn at Clifton with him as the only passenger. He was a middle aged man, and he had the face of a true American patriot. He had come to give Vernon county such a chance to get rich as had never been held out to her before. Years ago his grandfather had died and had been buried in that county, and it was consecrated ground to him. That is why he had come to it instead of any other county.

Mr. Davis had come to Clifton direct from Europe. He had gone over there to study the agriculture of the country at his own expense. He had returned with what might be called a great find. The Belgians were almost secretly growing a specimen of cucumber that was bound to revolutionize the world. It was amazingly prolific.

One acre of ground would grow 5,000 cucumbers, each three feet long and weighing five pounds.

It was like eating oranges. It was a breakfast food in itself. It left behind it an exhilaration not known to any other vegetable in the world.

This cucumber was certain to take the place of grains of all sort in a year or two more and would displace the potato and the turnip entirely.

Mr. Davis did more than talk and exhibit seeds. He put \$50 cash in bank as a prize to the person raising the most Belgian cucumbers the next spring or summer. It was November then. Between November and April Mr. Davis sold over \$3,000 worth of seeds and received his money for them.

When he went away he went boldly, and he left the prize money in the bank. By so doing he escaped all suspicion.

Now came a mystery. In Clifton lived a widow named Lee. She had been there only two years, and the people knew little about her. She was nearly six feet tall, rugged and strong, and she neighbored with none. She went to Mr. Davis for some seeds, but refused to pay the price. She offered only a penny apiece and when turned down made use of some very strong language.

April was a forward month in Vernon county, and the cucumber vines were beginning to run by the middle of May. One night some one pulled up and stacked the vines in ten different gardens. They found tracks of a man's boots, but nothing further. The next night more gardens suffered. Just who to suspect was a puzzle, but of course it was a case of jealousy and spite. Every man who had any vines set a watch on them.

Deacon Tracy was the first one to report a clue. He had half an acre of vines and was sitting up to watch for the vandal when a man came suddenly upon him and knocked him senseless. When he recovered his wits his vines had been destroyed. Tracks left by a man's boots—that was all.

Of course there were excitement and indignation. A reward of \$5 was offered for the arrest of the marauder, and owners of vines as yet untroubled hired watchmen. Then the man of night betook himself out among the farmers. He raided far and wide. He destroyed nothing but the cucumber vines, but he did not spare a hill of them that he could get at. He was chased by men and dogs; he was shot at; traps were set for him in twenty different places, yet no one earned that reward.

At Farmer Johnson's place he and his son were hidden in the smokehouse when the unknown appeared. He had scarcely pulled a vine when they were upon him. Both were strong men, but the struggle was over in a minute. The unknown knocked them both silly and got away with their bills and pieces of their shirts as souvenirs. It was figured that he had got such a scare, however, that he would not appear again. He returned next night when no one was watching and attacked the vines.

The excitement was now at fever heat, and the whole county was asking what should be done, when the marauder came to his end. A widow named Jones had twenty hills of vines she was watching. She had an old army carbine, and a neighbor had loaded it for her. She was watching from a window, and as the man of night appeared and began his work she fired at him. He dropped, but struggled up and ran.

A hundred men turned out and searched the streets and alleys and the country around, but they did not find the wounded man. They had given up the quest when word went round that no one had seen the Widow Jones for three days. The locked doors of her house were broken open, and she was found dead on the floor. A bullet had struck her in the chest—the bullet fired by the other widow. She was dressed as a man from head to heel and had false whiskers besides.

The Belgian cucumbers? Oh, they were a fraud, of course—just plain, everyday American cucumbers, with the usual 90 per cent water. It's just as easy to swindle a whole county as it is to swindle a single man. All you have to do is to get a new idea.

The Commonweath a year for \$1.00

No Substitutes RETURN to the grocer all substitutes sent you for Royal Baking Powder. There is no substitute for ROYAL. Royal is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and healthful. Powders offered as substitutes are made from alum.

Forest Notes.

Eastern manufacturers are looking to the northwest for hardwoods for the manufacture of clothes-pins. Birch is particularly wanted.

The Panama canal commission has requested the forest service to inspect the timber being cresoted at Seattle and Tacoma for the commission.

The net receipts from the national forests of Washington and Oregon during the past four months amounted to \$115,620, an increase of 17 per cent over receipts for the same period last year.

Of the two million trees to be planted on the national forests of Montana and northern Idaho during the present fiscal year, one-half have been set out this fall and the rest will be put in next spring.

A thoroughly up-to-date sawmill with a capacity of 60,000 board feet a day has been erected on the south coast of Mindanao island. It is of American make throughout, and uses the modern bandsaw. This is only one of several such mills in the Philippines.

Realized the Awful Truth Too Late. Sweet was the lass, low was the gas. It was the evening she expected him to put across the big question.

He did not look well. Something seemed to be troubling him. He tried to say something, but the words stuck in his throat, and, noticing this, the girl turned the gas even lower.

Suddenly he turned to her and cried, "I'm a dub!" "No," she said fondly, "you don't appreciate yourself as well as some others do, perhaps, Tee-hee!"

"Yes," he persisted stubbornly, "I'm a dub!" "No," she maintained.

"Yes," he shouted, "I'm a dub!" She was a sensible girl, and realizing that he ought to know best, she thanked him kindly for warning her in time and handed his hat to him. It was only after the door had slammed behind him forever, that she realized the awful truth.

Where He Was Welcome. Picking himself up after a rapid flight down the stairs, the young man broke forth:

"Of course, it is your privilege to throw me out of the house, Mr. Roughman," he said, "but there is no need of adding insult to injury by having me land on a mat which has the word 'Welcome' woven in it."

"There is nothing wrong in that," remarked the course of the sudden descent, "you are welcome—"

"But you threw me out." "—on the outside of the house where the mat lies, sir," concluded the man of the house, closing the window.—Paragraphs.

A Hundred Pardoned. Columbia, S. C., Nov. 24.—Gov. Blease pardoned one hundred convicts today. Twenty-eight of these men were serving life terms for murder and twenty-eight for manslaughter.

"I wanted them to eat Thanksgiving dinner at home," said Blease. The governor's pardon record since he took office in 1911 now stands at 882 cases. Blease stated this afternoon that he would make his total 1,000 before Christmas.

President Finly Dead. Washington, Nov. 25.—W. W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway, died at his home here this afternoon. He was stricken with paralysis and hemorrhage of the brain and sank rapidly.

Deer Chases Farmers' Boys. John Jackson, a farmer of Mahwah, whose land is on the edge of the Ramapo Mountains, has written to Deputy Warden Ernest Trainor of Hackensack asking what can be done for a wild buck deer that insists on chasing his children.

"My place is near the former deer preserve of the Haymeyers, and this buck no doubt is one of the number that escaped to the Ramapo Mountains some time ago," writes Jackson. "It has got so that I am afraid to let my boys go into the woods for fear of getting into trouble with the authorities. I may have to shoot this nery fellow, however, in self-defense. Can you give me some information?"

Deputy Trainor will write to the State Fish and Game Commission at Trenton, for the situation is new.

President Emerson Dies. Wilmington, Nov. 25.—Thomas Martin Emerson, president of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company, died late tonight at his home in this city, following an attack of acute indigestion yesterday while on a tip of inspection over the system with members of the board of directors.

Mr. Emerson, attended by his physician and friends reached Wilmington at an early hour this morning on a special train from the south and while it was announced during the day that his condition was improved, there came a turn for the worse and he died at 11 o'clock tonight.

N. Glen Williams Dead. Raleigh, Nov. 26.—News was received here today of the death of N. Glen Williams, which occurred at eleven thirty o'clock. He had apparently been in better health than usual for some time. He leaves a widow and several children.

Changeable Climate IS A CONSTANT THREAT TO THE HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE. Dr. Hartman, of Columbus, Ohio, discusses an important health topic. He says: Yes, it is the climate, not the germs, that we have to fear in this country. The germs are present, to be sure, and are of some significance in diagnosis. Climate, a changeable climate, is the true cause of disease. The atmospheric pressure varies, the humidity of the atmosphere changes. Every day the temperature rises and falls. All this presents to the body very great trials to adjust to. The areas of high pressure forms in the northwest. Moves rapidly south-east, subjecting millions of our population to its influence. The result is, thousands upon thousands of people catch cold. A small per cent. of these thousands do not get well of their cold. It goes into pneumonia, or chronic catarrh, or bronchitis, or laryngitis, or pleurisy. Now, what I am getting at is this. These climatic changes are inevitable. No one can prevent them. The very best we can do is to prepare for them, defend ourselves against them. Good health is the best preventive. The very best. Vigorous health, with excess vitality, this is Nature's own preventive and protection. We do not all have this, however. Some of us must have assistance. The assistance that I use for myself, would recommend for my friends to use, my neighbors and my countrymen, is Pe-ru-na. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. If the children indicate they are catching cold, give them Pe-ru-na. If the parents, the grandfather or grandmother, present those symptoms that are so well known which precede a cold, a few doses of Pe-ru-na and the deed is done. Some people are very subject to colds. Others who have weak lungs and are timid about our winter weather, take Pe-ru-na off and on during the whole winter season. The plan is a good one. The medicine is inexpensive. It does no possible harm to the system. It keeps the appetite regular and keen. It assists digestion and helps the user through the inclement weather of winter. Ask your druggist for a Free Pe-ru-na Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.

The Tortures of Rheumatism are aggravated during climatic changes because the impure blood is incapable of resistance and ordinary treatment seems useless—but the fame of Scott's Emulsion is based on logical principles and scientific facts. This oil-food promptly makes active, red, life-sustaining blood corpuscles and its body-building properties regulate the functions to expel poisonous acids. Scott's Emulsion, with careful diet for one month, will relieve the lame muscles and stiffened joints and subdue the unbearable sharp pains when other remedies fail. Beware of alcoholic imitations and insist on the purity of SCOTT'S. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.